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Twilight Musings

ALENA M. HUNT



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Houlton, Me.,
The Woodstock Press,
1931.

PS 3515
U53T8
1921



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ALENA M. HUNT



PRINTED BY
THE AROOSTOOK PRESS
HOULTON, ME.

Dedicated to
My Departed Mother,
Who was called home March 23, 1921

AT REST

Peacefully thou'rt sleeping, mother dear,
Far from the toils of this vain earth.
Silently we drop the falling tear,
For the dear one who gave us birth.

Thy toil-worn hands are folded now,
No more to labor here below,
The marks of death are on thy brow,
Thy sleep is peaceful, dear, we know.

Thy weary body lies at rest,
No more to know an ache or pain,
'Tis Fathers' will, we know 'tis best
He in our sorrow will sustain.

'Tis hard, so hard, our cross to bear,
Yet with aching heart we will trust,
That He who gave the cross doth care
And bear it willingly we must.

Home is there, but mother's gone,
The vacant chair beside the grate,
Tells of the rest she hath won,
She will for me no longer wait.

No longer will she watch for me,
Nodding in the lamp's dim ray,
No longer her kindly face I'll see,
When homeward I wend my way.

THE AROOSTOOK RIVER

Over mossy rock and stone,
Swiftly doth its waters glide,
Ceasing not their onward flow,
Ever onward it doth glide.

Wild flowers of every hue,
Lift their dainty heads so sweet,
All along the waters side,
Smiling faces there to greet.

Weary trav'ler pause to gaze,
On these sparkling waters bright
Stop and rest beside the brook,
Catch a glimpse of Heaven bright.

Cooling breezes fan thy brow,
Flowers shed their perfume there,
Rest thou from thy weary toil,
Taste of Heaven's beauties rare.

THE SUNSET OF LIFE

(Lines Written for an Aged Father)

Wondrously realistic, gloriously real,
The sunset of life o'er me doth steal,
With God as my fortress, onward I'll trend
His strength is sufficient, e'en to the end.

Glad is my heart, and brighter my soul,
For rivers of God o'er me doth roll
The once heavy cross now lighter has grown,
With Jesus I'm never walking alone.

Clinging to Thee I am nearing the goal.
Longing to enter that rest of the soul,
Out of the battle my Captain has led,
Onward I'm marching with God at the head.

THE SNOW

Transparent crystals, so pure and white,
Filling the air with a sparkling light
Softly thy feathery flakes doth fall,
And all the earth with white enthral.

Emblem of purity and light,
Covering the earth with carpet white,
E'en to the most skeptical thou dost bring,
A message of God, that He is the King.

And as the jingling sleighbells ring,
A gladsome note we all will sing,
For the great God who reigns above,
Is over all and "God is Love."

THE LIGHTHOUSE

The night was dark; the clouds hung low
Fierce did the angry billows flow
Loud was the wind on the vap'ry air
On such a night must a ship despair?

Far out at sea the good ship Queen
Was nearing dangers yet unseen
Speeding o'er the turbulent wave
Towards a perilous reef and a watery grave.

With childlike faith in their captain's skill
The trustful passengers feared no ill
As onward the ship on its voyage sped
With their valiant captain at the head.

Louder and still louder grows the storm
Angry billows on the wind are borne
And unseen dangers are hovering o'er
As the great ship nears the reef bound shore.

But the eye that seeth the sparrow fall
Watched that night for the mariner's call.
And, 'mid the storms awful dim,
Heard the prayer that went up to Him.

Swaying helplessly from side to side
The vessel rose on the seething tide,
"Oh God," he cried, "Help else we die,"
And the loving Father heard his cry.

Then out across the waters dark
The lighthouse sent its glimmering spark
Brightly beamed that beacon light
To guide the good ship Queen aright.

Warning of danger lurking near
Brought to the captain's heart new cheer
And he thought of God and his guiding light
And a thankful prayer went up that night.

A CHILD'S FACE

'Twas a childish face on a busy street
I saw as I paused a friend to greet
A childish face, both sweet and pure
A face so strangely immature.

Round the dimpled face hung ringlets of gold
And 'tis a trustful look those blue eyes hold,
In those fairy hands were wreaths of flowers
Plucked from "My ladys' " moss grown bowers.

As I looked there came the thought
That fair faced child knoweth not
What the years to come may disclose
Of this worlds' joys or of its woes.

God grant that, that trustful heart may know,
The peace God giveth while here below,
And may that life blossom as the the rose,
Shedding its fragrance wheree're it goes.

SUNRISE

The golden sunrise of a summer day
Spread over the earth its bright'ning ray
And in transparent colors crept
Into the window where I slept.

How its glorious light did illuminate
And into the dark corners penetrate
Its sparkling rays like diamonds clear
Glistening in the darkest sphere.

WELCOME THE LOWLY JESUS

Hark the Saviours' voice is calling
Come sin sick soul to me and rest,
Joyous news of peace He's bringing
Let Jesus be the welcome guest.

Welcome Him, Welcome Him,
Let Jesus free you from all sin,
Welcome Him, Welcome Him,
Welcome now the lowly Jesus.

Open now thy heart's door widely
While Christ the Saviour stands outside
List now to His kind entreaty
He is waiting now to guide.

Oh how he longs thy heart to cheer
Longs thy heavy load to lighten
All along the lone pathway drear
With God to guide the way will brighten.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS

Dreamily I sat beside the vineclad wall
And watched the fleeting clouds go by
While listening to the bird choir's cheery call
And to the whip-poor-will's mournful cry.

I tho't happy hours I'll ne'er forget
Faces of loved ones came to me
Kind friends that in those days of yore I'd met
While wandering far o'er life's sea.

The kindly words of yesterdays
Came flocking to my brain
And brightly shone the sunbeam's rays
As with my thoughts in twain.

MY CHILDHOOD HOME

In Sunset Valley there is a spot
For me with silent beauties fraught,
The home of childhood, where free from care
I used to roam in the valleys fair.

In the silv'ry twilight of a moonlight night
I stole thro' the shady vale,
Where amid the green fields and the mosses bright
Blooms the woodland lily pale.

The silent night-time lends a motley shade
To the elm beddecked hillside and the glade;
Glassy waters of the brooklet flow
O'er the mill-dam to the vale below.

Mountain peaks to the Southward lie—
Their mossy summits touch the sky,
The hills have on an evening glow
And waving pine trees bending low.

Wondrous world of my childhood dreams
How vividly real child life seems.
Ah, happy days that knew no care,
No anxious thought was wasted there.

Even now I can hear that bubbling brook.
Gliding quietly down past the shady nook,
Where sheltered by trees my playhouse stood
In a little corner in the wood.

THAT HEAVENLY ISLE

Beautiful isle that knows no pain
Isle of sunshine and of peace
Our sorrows here we count but gain
There we find a sweet release.

Wondrous isle with streets of gold,
Where songs of birds float on the air,
To our longing hearts unfold,
The secret of a Fathers' care.

Isle where all is joy and gladness
And we rest from every care
There, there is no room for sadness,
No temper will our hearts ensnare.

To that isle our way we're wending
As the days pass swiftly by
Angels waiting there are sending
Words of cheer from on high.

JESUS STANDETH NEAR

There's a friend who listens to our every sigh
And who gently whispers, "I am ever nigh,"
"When your heart is troubled, look to me to guide
I, the lowly Jesus, standeth by thy side."

When the tempter hovers, o'er us to assail,
Christ the Master 's with us, He will never fail.
Never doubt His presence, for He's always near;
If you need a helper; He your barque will steer.

Trust Him then more fully, as you journey on,
Earthly friends may fail thee, ever and anon,
Yet with Jesus near thee all life will be bright
Walking with the Master, you will see the light.

AVONDALE

(Lines on the old home of H. F. Allen)

I am musing today and on memory's scroll
Which my wandering tho'ts fain would control
I am borne to Avondale, my dreamland so fair,
Where carols of birds float on still Summer air.

I pause in my musing, this land to explore,
For always hath nature new wonders in store,
And I view a wee home, nestling far in the shade,
Of the evergreen trees that o'ershadow the glade.

And o'er the rock strewn ledge, o'ergrown with moss,
The sparkling waters of the brooklet toss.
Just in the background I sight an old mill
Tho crumbling with age, it is standing still.

Huge willow elms of centuries past
O'er the winding pathway their shadows cast
Where little feet, now gone before,
Tread many times in days of yore.

Here once the dense forests grew
And Indians beat weired tattoo
E'en now there rests Indian braves
In yonder moss covered graves.

Further on is the mineral spring
Where children oft their buckets bring
In yonder churchyard where the maple tree waves
Sleep the family's loved ones in flower decked graves.

The little home is still bright with cheer,
Numerous relics are cherished here,
Family heirlooms that for centuries past,
Happy memories o'er their owners have cast.

On what sacred ground this day I tread
By memories roving impulse led
I'll draw the curtain with this for tho't
These precious memories cannot be bought.

THE OCEAN

I stood by the mighty ocean wide
And I heard the waters roar
And I watched the coming of the tide
As it beat against the shore.

The storm clouds grew in power
And huge waves rose and fell
It seemed that dreadful hour,
That saints of old foretell.

Stern in its majesty its giant waves
Dashed with harsh fury on the rocks,
E'en many a secret of wat'ry graves,
Deep in its bosom this monarch locks.

What grandeur here hath God displayed!
With power to stir man's soul serene
Sublime in majesty arrayed,
What lesson from thee can we glean?

A TEMPLE

We are building every day
A living temple for all time
Then let self-mastery have sway
And love of right and truth divine.

Let's fill the temple with good cheer
And stimulate good will to all
Give us a hopeful thought and clear
Each pathway that sin doth enthrall.

HOME

'Tis when the shades of evening falling
Tell us that the day is o'er,
And as quietly we set a-dreaming
That we think of Home once more.
And now we see the open fireplace,
With the children all around,
And hear the happy sound of voices,
How we welcome now that sound.

Just at the close of day
When shades of evening fall,
I sit and dream of home
And think of loved ones all.
How my thoughts wander off,
Into the land of dreams,
And once more by the open fireplace
That home is what it seems.

Far, far from the home nest I've wandered
And now in a distant land
I taste of the joys and the comforts
Of that home in fair dreamland
And I hear the familiar voices
Wafting low on the still evening air
And join in the chorus about me
In that dear home in dreamland so fair.

BENEATH THE ROSES

Once a home was fashioned
With tenderest love and care
'Neath daintiest of cov'rings
The wee ones nestled there.

Bit by bit 'twas builded
Beneath that clinging vine
Gently the mother bird
The leaves and twigs entwine.

Ah joyous home was that
As beneath the mother's wings
The wee ones nestle there
While the mother to them sings.

O'er head the beauteous rose
Sends out its fragrance rare
And happy is that home
That love hath builded there.

Some day that mother bird
Will lead her brood away
With light and happy wing
Far from that home away.

And new homes will be builded
By her birdlets one by one
And other tiny birdlets
Will sing 'neath the Summer sun.

Yet no home will sweeter be
Than the one 'neath the clinging rose
Nor built with tenderer care
And the love that a mother knows.

FAITH

At eventide, Faith, my darling,
When the sun is sinking low
Dreamily my thoughts go wand'ring,
To my love of long ago.

Gentle breezes softly blowing,
Whisper love's sweet song once more,
Dearer to me you are growing,
As I near that brighter shore.

In the gath'ring shadows darling,
Tend'rest thoughts return of thee,
'Tho the twilight gathers round me,
I thy gentle face can see.

How my heart for Faith is longing,
As the days pass swiftly by,
And I near the golden portal,
Of that mansion in the sky.

GOOD CHEER

Could we but be a wee bit cheerful
When things don't always go our way;
Could we but be a wee bit hopeful
When hope seems a gruesome ray
Then we doubtless would be helpful
To all those who came our way
And we'd be surprised how very cheerful
We could be on a cloudy day.

A FRIEND

We joy in friendships' golden link
And at the fount we fain would drink—
New loveliness the soul shall find
That passing days will closer bind.

The cheery word and the kindly shake
Of a friendly hand will always take
The burden off each humble task
And life's sunshine to us unmask.

What princelier gift than a friend sincere,
To cheer us when life's way seems drear,
And rejoice with us when skies are blue,
And all nature wears a lovelier hue.

BEHOLD THE SAVIOUR COMES

Behold, the Saviour comes in power,
And glory fills the Heavens above.
His conquering tread is felt this hour;
All praises to the Heavenly dove.

He comes, and now the joyful sound
Of harp and timbrel on the air,
While angel's voices all around
Tell that His reign is drawing near.

He comes, the hills and vales resound
With one glad joyful note of praise,
And may all love for Him abound
To whom this song of joy we raise.

BRIDGET TO JERRY

Dear Jerry O'Leary, I miss you so much
Never again will our lips lovingly touch
Never again will we meet as of yore
In our little cottage on the shore.

A conqueror of men you looked that day,
With gun on your shoulder marching away
For our loved America you dropped in the fray
And o'er the wires flashed the news that bleak winters day.

Then sad was our home and broken my heart
Dear Jerry, 'tis hard with loved ones to part
And now in Flanders you sleep 'neath the sun
A hero whose rest was valiantly won.

TO THE PANSY

Blue eyed beauty gazing up
From thy mossy bed 'mid grass of green
Kissed by morning dew so bright
No fairer face hath a mortal seen.

A dainty perfume thou dost shed
Borne on the summer's air
And to thy domain we are led
To view thy visage fair.

What mansion grander than thy home
Kind nature doth provide
What face is sweeter than thine own?
Pray with us now abide.

SHE SLEEPS

They call it death, this peaceful sleep
And gathered round her loved ones weep
Yet tho' her earthly journeys' o'er,
She's with her Master as of yore.

She rests from lifes' shadows dim
Peaceful rest at home with Him,
And tho' her voice is silent here,
She's dwelling in a brighter sphere.

A little nearer Heaven seems
And our cross with radiance gleams
For precious mothers gone before
To greet us on that better shore.

Happy will that union be
When we meet again with thee
On Jordan's banks so bright and fair,
We'll then lay down our every care.

TO THE ROSE

Oh rose with thy dewy petals
How sweet is thy perfume rare
Blossoming with quiet beauty
And smiling visage so fair.

A language of love thou dost whisper
Sentiments holy and pure
As from the clinging vine we pluck thee,
Thou rosebud so immature.

THE BROOKLET

Bubbling o'er the rocky ledge
Down the hillside steep it flows
Past the motely cedar hedge
Where the drooping willow grows.

Ever onward in its flight
Singing as it wends its way
What a witness of God's might
Singing praises night and day.

On its banks the forget-me-not
Raises its head in sweet command
What a message it has brought
Coming from the unseen hand.

BE GLAD

Be glad that you're living,
Some other to help,
Life is not worth living,
If lived but for self.

Live in the sunlight,
And to others you'll bring
Visions of daylight
That will cause them to sing.

Keep your heart singing
All the day long;
Then you'll be bringing
To others a song.

TRIBUTE TO THE LIVING MOTHERS

There's a mother praying tonight
That ne'er from the fold I stray
There's a voice that tho' feeble now
Grows still sweeter to me each day.

Tho' no wreath of laurels so bright
Encircles that silvery head
Yet some day a crown it will wear
When before our Lord we are led.

How that mother arm encircles
The child of her wisdom and care
Gently guiding into the fold
Where a Shepherd's love it may share.

What life hath yielded richer fruit
Than the life of a mother pure
Thine is the simple life of trust
Built on a foundation secure.

Some day to that city of God
My mother will journey before
To hear the well done from her Lord
And taste of the good things in store.

But where e'er I am I will know
That mother doth still love her child
And is praying that God will keep
When the storms of this life beat wild.

INNOCENCE

Chaste, pure and undefiled she came
The child of mother's pride
And sought amid earth's pleasure vain
Her innocence to chide.

Beauty of form and mein had she
And filled with youthful trust
She longed for love of all mankind
And believed all to be just.

Her heart did throb with youth's desire,
She sang Love's songs so sweet
And sought to win the heart of man,
That fate led her to meet.

With broken pinion now she moves
Amid earth's jostling throng
That heart that once sang love's sweet song
Now sings of woman's wrong.

Her laugh once gay hath lost the note
Of careless youth and trust
Love's song hath died upon those lips
Her hopes lie in the dust.

Ah! careless youth how oft hath man
Trampled the soul of youth
Shat'ring their belief in all mankind
And leading from the truth.

MOTHERS WATCHING-WAITING

Just beyond the starry portals
Gowned in robe of spotless white
Angel mothers watching, waiting,
Praying for her child tonight

Mothers watching, waiting,
Watching now for you,
Gazing from you Heavens
Bids you to be true.

When the golden gates swing open
Wearing still the white carnation
Will you meet her smiling face
Happy that you've won the race?

Mother's God is with you guiding
To that bright celestial land
Where your mother waits to welcome
On that happy golden strand.

Bright the sunshine of His presence
Beams upon the pilgrim's way
Sweet to us is the assurance
Mother's God is real today.

LEAD ON

To that land of endless night
Where the sun is shining bright
Gently lead me, Saviour mine,
I will place my hand in thine.

If I falter Lord, be near;
Speak a kindly word to cheer,
Guide my falt'ring steps aright,
Lead from darkness into light.

Take my hand Oh Lord I pray,
And my wand'ring footsteps stay,
Gently fold me to thy breast,
Where I'll find sweet peace and rest

Lead on, Oh Lord, and with thee,
Lifes' brighter side I shall see,
And when my burdens I lay down
Mine eyes will then behold a crown.

PEACE

Blessed peace have I by my Saviour's side,
Sweetly I am resting in His love
And I know that He with me doth abide,
Trusting in His all-abiding love.

Trusting, trusting in that Power that watchess o'er
Trusting trusting, trusting in His all abiding love.

He's a friend to me when life's way is drear
Trusting Him the light doth now appear
In His presence too I shall always find
A blest friend and helper ever kind.

A ROBIN'S NEST

Beneath a friendly pine tree
I paused one day to rest
When in the branches o'er me
I beheld a robin's nest.

The twigs were deftly woven
That tiny home to form
And nestling in the branches
'Twas safe from wind or storm.

I gazed with raptuous wonder
Upon this work of art
Such was the home of the robin,
Built in the forest's heart.

And I thought for the tiniest robin
The father above doth dare
And with fatherly love is watching
O'er the wee ones nestling there.

THE SAD FATE OF A MOUSE

List to a tale of a wee little mouse,
Who dwelt all alone in a rich mans' house,
Where pantries were filled with a plentiful store,
Of apple pies, cookies and good things galore.

One night he awoke and speaking aloud,
Said of my brav'ry I'm feeling quite proud,
The folks are all in dreamland now I assume,
And good things in plenty I soon will consume.

So forth to the pantry he swiftly did hie,
The place to explore and its goodly stores try,
Swift were his feet as the wings of the wind
But fate oft times is not always so kind.

A panful of milk on the shelf he did spy
And he said to reach it I shortly will try
He climbed on the shelf and up to the pan
Swiftly his little feet joyfully ran.

But sad was his fate for into the cream
He quickly did jump and then came a scream
The cook had arrived—his fate was soon sealed
And now to his friends that sad fate is revealed.

Moral.

Small friend of my youth, I fain would invoke
Don't ever the cook with mischief provoke
For you surely will suffer for every small wrong
And the weaker one must surely yield to the strong.

MOTHER OF LIGHT

Mother of light and goodness
In that land of pure delight
Where the rivers of life are flowing,
Thou dwellest in Heaven's light.

Today in honor of mother
I the white carnation wear
And pray that God's richest blessing
May rest on my mother dear.

'Twas thou dear one who guided,
My footsteps when but a child,
And taught me the beauty of service,
That was pure and undefiled.

Thy noble life I reverence
Thou gavest of it for me
God grant I may always cherish
Sweet and loving thoughts of thee.

Moments are quickly passing
In this earthly home below
And soon there'll be a glad reunion,
With thee, mother dear, I know.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

Did you ever hear of the Printer's Devil,
Who always did things on the level?
My, how the type and leads would bound,
When the printer's devil came around.

The Printer's Devil's love for pie
Oft the printer did decry
And in terms of blank dismay
Naughty words he then would say.

The pie of course was never cooked
And the Printer's Devil always looked
Extremely wise as tho' to say
"Unbaked pies here any day."

One day the paper being late
The printers moved at lively rate
And as one was absent from the rest
The Printer's Devil was put to test.

When called upon to lift the Form
How the Printer's Devil then did storm
And soon the Form in a heap did lie
The Devil had made another pie.

The printer's anger then waxed strong
And the Devil then saw 'twas wrong
But his repentance came too late
Out the door he went at a lively rate.

NATURE

The poet mused, and musing thought,
New inspiration he had sought,
While all about him nature spoke,
His seeming blindness to revoke.

The limpid brook, the trees so green,
All spoke of wonders yet unseen,
The bright blue sky, the singing birds,
All these spoke out as loud as words.

The smiling faces of friends so true,
The snow capped hills, the ocean blue,
Taught him that kind nature would endow,
With Genius to which the world would bow

DWIGHT

(Lines written on the death of a friend.)

Over the silent river,
And into the great unknown,
Quietly and without murmur,
The spirit of Dwight hath flown.

Heaven's bright portals above,
Opened to welcome him there,
Glad and joyous that welcome,
To a city bright and fair.

With angel bands we'll leave him,
On the streets all paved with gold,
Safe in His Masters keeping,
Sheltered in Heaven's fold.

THE FAIRY QUEEN

She was a maiden fair,
With fairy face and mein;
And a wealth of golden hair,
Crowned this fairy queen.

Pure was her heart as the flowers
That bloom in the month of May,
Happily for her passed the hours
That life filled with a sunbeam's ray.

Naught of sorrow she knew,
Nor yet an earthly care,
Like a dainty flowerette she grew,
Pure, beautiful and rare.

Swiftly the months sped on
And lengthened into years
'Till a maiden tall we looked upon
On the threshold of those years.

Then one day there came to town
A stranger tall and fair,
Gowned in a suit of sombre brown
And a sort of don't-care air

The stranger met and wooed the maid
And in childlike faith and trust
Her heart and hand the maiden laid
At his bidding in the dust.

Then came the day, that dreadful day
When for her the sun stood still
And faded from sight the sunbeam's rays
In that cottage on the hill.

Beneath her plate that morn she found,
A note which fate foretold,
Her friend was for the Westward bound,
His love it had grown cold.

Ah, cruel the hand that on that brow
Hath caused the marks of care to grow,
And hard the heart that could allow
That golden head with sorrow to bend low.

ONLY A BUNCH OF CARNATIONS

'Twas only a bunch of carnations pink,
The postman brought that day,
But into my heart these blossoms bro't
Kind thoughts of friends away.

Oft at nightfall when calm stillness reigns,
As I rest on my bed so white
Thoughts of kind hearts that beat far away,
Makes my pain for the moment seem light.

How their thoughtful kindness doth fall like balm,
When the load seems heavy I am called to bear,
There's lull in the tempest—then all is calm,
For the load is lighter if your friends doth care.

THE MUSICIAN

O'er the pearly keys his fingers glide
With the touch of an artist bold,
Sweet music answers his every touch,
And the peace of his soul unfold.

Ah master touch! hands almost divine,
Holy joy those notes of thine doth bring,
Angel harps n'er sweeter notes doth sound,
Than from thy halls of music ring.

LOOK TO GOD

We seek for fame and for earthly lore,
And not for the things of the Spirit,
'Til our feet go slipping on the shore
And we long for something of merit.

Ah 'tis then the things of Eternal worth
Loom up to our longing eyes;
And we cry to the land that gave us birth
And turn from earth to the skies.

Then the ever faithful God hears our wail
And his loving arms enfold;
With Fatherly compassion heeds our tale,
A tale that has oft been told.

Then we follow up the Heavenward road,
Tho' rocky may be the way.
New wisdom and power will lighten our load
Bringing fresh courage each day.

THE SUNSHINE BEARER

He comes to cheer the darkened heart
And set the captive free
Of life and death he is a part
He loves both you and me.

He is our rock, our sure defense
In every storm of life,
And when the clouds are gath'ring dense
He leads on through the strife.

Fullness of joy in Him we find
And pleasures forevermore,
What plenteous joy in store for them
Who learn to trust Him more.

“PEACE ON EARTH”

O'er all the earth doth beam the rays
Of Bethlehem's star with radiance glowing
Bright'ning with hope the coming days
And God's blest peace on all bestowing.

'Neath silvery rays that moonlight night
The little lambs were sleeping,
While o'er their flocks a quiet watch
The Shepherds near were keeping.

'Twas midnight, solemn, calm and still.
The stars were all a gleam
While shepherds watched their flocks from ill
Close by the limpid stream.

On such a night long, long ago
The Lord of Glory came
To shield all men from sin and woe
That hour in Bethlehem.

And then amid a dazzling light
Came tidings from on high
That Christ had come Earth's wrongs to right,
The reigning of a King was nigh.

LEADING-GUIDING-BLEST SAVIOUR DIVINE

Saviour thou'rt leading, all along life's way
Lovingly thou'rt guiding lest I go astray
Patiently thou seest, when I lose my way,
Gently thou dost urge me, with my Lord to stay.

Leading, guiding, blest Saviour Divine
Leading, guiding, oh what peace is mine
No earthly joy can give such happiness of heart
Leaning on my Saviour, He's of life a part.

Often when I'm lonely, and the road seems long
I can hear him whisp'ring, "Child of mine, be strong"
And when dark the pathway, He is ever near
Saying "Child have courage, Do not falter here."

Thou who knowest not, the peace of God within,
Won't you let him lead you, and no longer sin,
He will guide and bless you, if you look to Him,
And His light will shine out, in the darkness dim.

TO THE CANARY

Sweet songster in thy gilded cage
What happy songs doth fill thy breast,
Songs that bring such cheer and gladness,
That by thy presence we are blest.

'Mid storm or sunshine thou dost sing,
In gladsome note the whole day long,
Nor rest when night doth darkly close
Then still is heard thy happy song.

The sweetness of thy voice doth stir
Our inmost souls with peace of heart
Ah gladly do we list to thee
Whom happiness and joy impart.

TO A ROBIN

Thou messenger of early Spring
What gladsome tidings thou dost bring
Of birds, and trees and flowers,
And happy sunlit hours.

Soon the ground beneath our feet
With clover blossoms will be sweet
And wee birds nestling in the grass
Will flutter by us as we pass.

Now the sun will shine the brighter
And all cares will seem the lighter
For the Robin brings new cheer
He tells us that Spring is here.

Thou cheerful songster of the wood
To us thy voice seems good.
Thy song we've missed in days gone by
And we welcome thee as Spring draws nigh.

TRUST IN GOD

Why should you friend of ought complain?
Why troublous clouds or weeping rain?
For o'er thee reigns a God of might
Who ever battles for the right.

Why should you sink in mute despair?
For God is love, and God doth care.
He reaches out o'er this broad land
And gently leads us by the hand.

Why weep then of thy humble lot
Courage, oh child, for Christ you sought
And He is ready, over there,
To help His child, and He doth care.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

The night was cold, and the air was still,
In the lonely cottage on the hill,
Where knelt a mother's angel faced child—
On no fairer picture Heaven smiled.

The pale face and gentle eyes
Were raised sadly to the skies
While from the thin lips breathed forth a prayer,
To God above for his tender care.

He prayed that the Christ-child might impart
A love for home in his father's heart
And bring to his life a dreadful fear
Of judgment day that was drawing near.

Then into his humble cot he got,
Trembling with cold, this wee little tot,
And quietly turned out the light
And to his mother said, "good-night."

But the kindly Saviour had been near
And heard the prayer of his child so dear,
And to that home came better days
When father's voice arose in praise.

Now each evening at the throne of grace
The Father and mother find a place.
The once chill cottage has lovelier grown
Because the seed of a prayer was sown.

SOMETIME-SOMEWHERE

Somewhere beyond the veil
In the sweet by and by
My lonely bark shall sail
To that home beyond the sky.

Somewhere a Father waits
His child to welcome home
And wide will swing the gates
In that eternal home.

Sometime my trials shall cease
And I'll no longer sigh
For there'll be sweet release
In that mansion in the sky.

Sometime in that better land,
Where life's sorrows come no more
I'll by my Saviour stand
On that eternal shore.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT

'Twas only a little flower,
A dainty forget-me-not,
That grew by the gliding water
Near a mossy woodland plot.

Proudly it lifted its head
Beneath the silv'ry sky
As high o'er its mossy bed,
The chirping swallows fly.

And e'en of this little flower
The great God taketh tho't
'Tis but a message of his power
And what his hands hath wrought.

ONLY A NEWSBOY

He was but a newsboy on a crowded street
Who worked all day in the sweltering heat
A stranger passing beheld the lad
And noted his look was wan and sad.

The stranger paused with pleasant smile
And a kindly word passed the while
Which seemed to cheer the newsboy lone
And for the wrongs of life atone.

That gentle word and that kindly face
Found in the newsboy's heart a place
He walked away with happy song,
Heeding not the jostling throng.

What a cheery word oft times will do
To cheer a heart that is lone and blue
And a little seed dropped will grow
And blossom brightly somewhere below.

A SUMMER'S NIGHT

Still was the air that summer's night
And blue the sky above
Dotted with stars that shed their light
O'er all the earth abroad.

The moon peeped out from behind the trees
To all a radiant light
While faint perfume wafted on the braeze
Came from the lilac bright.

The myraid stars seemed to dance
In the pinnacles above
With sparkling light to enhance
The wondrous earth beneath.

Can poet paint with words of pen
The beauties of that night?
Paint in glowing words and then
The blind may see aright.

AROOSTOOK VALLEY

In the sunny State of Maine,
Where the apple blossoms bloom
And the fields with flowers gay,
Fill the air with sweet perfume.

Is a valley fair to view
Nestling 'mid the quiet hills
Peace and plenty there prevail,
Kindly cheer each hour fills.

Fair Aroostook thou art known,
For thy rich and fertile soil,
Abundant harvest yields,
Brings reward for all thy toil.

Thro' each meadow, hill and vale,
Sparkling waters gently flow,
And amid the grasses tall,
Flowers in abundance grow.

MOTHER'S JEWELS

In its tiny basket lined with blue,
Caught up with ribbons of every hue,
The wee babe slept while its fair lips wore
The kiss of the Angel hov'ring o'er.

Far into the night thy vigil keep.
Angel of light dost thou ever sleep?
Ah! Guardian Angel I fain would ask:
Pray, who would not envy thee thy task?

From the day when those blue eyes first see the light
Thou't hovering o'er with thy radiance bright
Thy gentle face bears no mark of care
But the peace of Heaven ling'ring there.

Ah sacred trust, those eyes so blue,
In future years will look to you,
And those gentle childlike feet you'll guide
O'er many a sea with foaming tide.

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